



HACKETT

Hotel Granada, Bogotá

December 15, 1939

Dear Fred:

Unknown to the police  
With the connivance of Bevier,  
I helped myself to your valise  
And Bonned a lot of your old gear.  
I wore your pants, I wore your boots,  
I wore your overcoat as well;  
And while I do not give two hoots  
For looks, I certainly looked swell.

Fond mamas looked at me askance;  
Drew their muchachas to the fold;  
Mosquitoes left their normal hants  
And sought protection in the wold.  
The ticks and redbugs cooked their beaks  
On blade of grass and pendant bough;  
Emitted monitory squeaks  
And cried: "We've got old Soper now!"  
I pointed out 'twas only me,  
I tried my damndest to explain  
The error in identity.  
No use. They bit with might and main.  
I've put away your overcoat;  
I'm packing up your boots and pants;  
I rather think I've been the goat  
And I won't take another chance.

But Frëd, I hope you won't suppose  
I'm up to any dirty tricks  
If you should find among your clothes  
A bunch of redbugs and some ticks!

Lewis Hackett

[Letter in Book: Malania in Europe ... 1937]